

HISTORY
OF
DELAWARE COUNTY
AND
OHIO.

*Containing a brief History of the State of Ohio, from its earliest settlement to the present time, embracing its topography, geological, physical and climatic features; its agricultural, stock-growing, railroad interests, etc.; a History of Delaware County, giving an account of its aboriginal inhabitants, early settlement by the whites, pioneer incidents, its growth, its improvements, organization of the county, its judicial and political history, its business and industries, churches, schools, etc.; Biographical Sketches; Portraits of some of the Early Settlers and Prominent Men.
etc., etc.*

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CHAPTER IX.

WAR HISTORY—THE REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE—WAR OF 1812—THE MEXICAN WAR—WAR OF THE REBELLION—SOME DISTINGUISHED MEN AND SOLDIERS.

“Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there,
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause:
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.”—*Shelley*.

THE patriotism of Delaware County is above reproach; the bravery of her sons has been tested on hundreds of battle-fields. Many of the early settlers of the county were soldiers in our great struggle for independence, and some, perhaps, had fought in the old French and Indian war. These wars, however, occurred long before there were any settlements made in Delaware County. The close of the Revolutionary war found the weak and feeble Government bankrupt, and the soldiers who had fought for liberty were forced to accept Western lands in payment for long years of military service. This brought many pioneers to the great wilderness of the West, and particularly to Ohio, where large bodies of lands are still designated as “United States Military Lands” and “Virginia Military Lands.” These were lands set apart for the benefit of Revolutionary soldiers, by the United States Government. The best years of the lives of these old soldiers had been spent fighting for their country. Peace found them broken down in spirit and in body, and many of them in fortune, and, when a home and lands were offered them in the West, there remained no other alternative but to accept, and, like the poor Indian himself, move on toward the setting sun. Such was the noble and warlike stock from whom sprang the majority of the present generation of Delaware County.

The Revolutionary war, and the causes which led to it, are familiar to every school-boy in the country, and hence require no special notice in this work. The early wars of our country are familiar as household words, and are merely mentioned in this connection as a prelude to one, “the

half of which has not yet been told,” and much of which, perhaps, will never be written—the great rebellion. To it, and the country's participation in it, we shall have more to say in this chapter.

In the war of 1812, and the Indian wars of that period, Delaware County, comprising then but a population of a few hundreds, came forward with the same lofty spirit of patriotism which has ever since pervaded her sons, and which characterized their Revolutionary sires. There were some who had been present at the surrender of Cornwallis, and others who had been with Gates and Greene in the South, while many others were descendants of such heroic stock; and, when the tocsin of war sounded, and the roar of the British lion was again heard in the land, like the clans of Roderick Dhu, who assembled for battle at the “circling o'er” of the “fiery cross”—

“Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down.
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand,
With changed cheer the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swath his scythe;
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plow was in mid-furrow stayed”—

they took down their old flint-lock fowling-pieces and hastened to offer themselves for the defense of their country. Many enlisted upon their arrival in the county as emigrants, even before they had found shelter for their families, and others were drafted into the service while on their way to their destined place of settlement. The whole number who served in the army from this county during the war, cannot, after this long lapse of time, be given, but comprised most all of the able-bodied men. A company of cavalry was raised in the county, of which Elias Murray was Captain, and James W. Crawford, the father of Col. Crawford, of Delaware, was a Lieutenant, and did duty for some time; while several regiments, or portions of regiments, of infantry, were recruited; and, upon special alarms, the militia was called out to defend

the settlements. As a matter of some interest to our modern soldiers, we give the following abstract from the Quartermaster's Department during this war. *Rations*—1½ pounds of beef; ¾ pounds of pork; 13 ounces of bread or flour; 1 gill of whisky. At the rate of 2 quarts of salt, 4 quarts of vinegar, 4 pounds of soap and 1½ pounds of candles to every 100 rations. And from the Paymaster's Department: Colonel, \$75 per month, 5 rations and \$12 for forage; Major, \$50 per month and 3 rations; Captain, \$40 and 3 rations; First Lieutenant, \$30 and 2 rations; Second Lieutenant, \$20 and 2 rations; Ensign, \$20 and 2 rations; Sergeant Major, \$9; Second Master Sergeant, \$9; other Sergeants, \$8; Corporals, \$7; musicians, \$6; and privates, \$6 per month.

The old military road Gen. Harrison made in his march to Fort Meigs, or Fort Sandusky, passes through the county and through the city of Delaware. Through the latter, it is known as Sandusky street, in consequence of its northern terminus. There is also a legend to the effect that Harrison's army spent the winter in Delaware during the 1812 campaign, but how true we cannot say. However, the quiet and peaceable citizens of Delaware, as they witness the "Joy Guards" performing their *harmless* evolutions on the streets, cannot, without considerable effort, recall the presence of a hostile army in their city, eagerly panting for war, and of—

"Red battle
With blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
And death-shot glowing in his fiery hands."

If Gen. Harrison did encamp in Delaware through the winter of 1813-14, the matter will be brought to light by our township historian, and given the prominence that such an historical occurrence naturally demands.

Capt. William Drake, a resident of the county, recruited a company of mounted men in the north part, and, for a period, performed active service. He is still remembered from a circumstance known in history as "Drake's Defeat," and to omit it would detract from the interest of our work. We quote from Howe: "After Hull's surrender, Capt. William Drake formed a company of rangers to protect the frontier from marauding bands of Indians who then had nothing to restrain them; and, when Lower Sandusky was threatened with attack, this company with alacrity obeyed the call to march to its defense. They encamped the first night a few miles beyond the outskirts of the settlement. In those days, the Captain was a great

wag, and naturally very fond of sport, and, being withal desirous of testing the courage of his men, after they had all got asleep, he slipped into the bushes at some distance, and, discharging his gun, rushed towards the camp yelling "Indians! Indians!" with all his might. The sentinels, supposing the alarm to proceed from one of their number, joined in the cry, and ran to quarters; the men sprang to their feet in complete confusion, and the courageous attempted to form on the ground designated the night before in case of attack; but the First Lieutenant, thinking there was more safety in depending upon *legs* than *arms*, took to his heels and dashed into the woods. Seeing the consternation and impending disgrace of his company, the Captain quickly proclaimed the hoax and ordered a halt, but the Lieutenant's frightened imagination converted every sound into Indian yells and the sanguinary war-whoop, and the louder the Captain shouted, the faster he ran, till the sounds sank away in the distance, and he supposed the Captain and his adherents had succumbed to the tomahawk and the scalping-knife. Supposing he had been asleep a few minutes only, he took the moon for his guide, and flew for home. Having had time to gain the western horizon, she led him in the wrong direction; and, after breaking down saplings, and running through the woods and brush some ten miles, he reached Radnor settlement just at daybreak, bareheaded, and with his garments flowing in a thousand streamers. The people roused hurriedly from their slumber, and, horrified with his report that the whole company was massacred but him who alone had escaped, began a general and rapid flight. Each conveyed the tidings to his neighbor, and just after sunrise they came rushing through Delaware, mostly on horseback, many in wagons, and some on foot, presenting all those grotesque appearances that frontier settlers naturally would, supposing the Indians close in their rear. Many anecdotes are told, amusing now to us who cannot realize their feelings, that exhibit the varied hues of trepidation characterizing different persons, and also show that there is no difference between real and supposed danger—and yet those actuated by the latter seldom receive the sympathies of their fellows. One family, named Penry, drove so fast that they bounced a little boy, two or three years old, out of the wagon, near Delaware, and did not miss him until they had gone five or six miles on their way to Worthington, and then upon consultation concluded it was too late to recover him amid such imminent